PRIDE's FALL:

OR,

A Warning for all *Engliſh* Women, by the Example of a ſtrange Monſter lately born in *Germany*, by a Merchant's proud Wife, at *Geneva*. Tune of, *All you that love Goodfellows*, &c.

ENgland's fair dainty dames,
see here the fall of pride,
Wantonnels leave in time,
that God may be your guide:
I was a Dutch-land frow,
ſhining in beauty bright;
And a brave merchant's wife,
in whom he took delight.

All things I had at will,
my heart could wiſh or crave;
My diet dainty fare,
my garments rich and brave;
No wife in Germany,
where I in pleaſure dwell'd,
For golden bravery
my perſon ſo excell'd:

My coaches richly wrought,
and deckt with pearl and gold,
Carried me up and down,
whereas my pleaſure would:
The earth I deem'd too baſe
my feet to tread upon;
My blooming crimſon cheeks
felt neither wind nor ſun.

My beauty made me think
myſelf an angel bright,
Framed of heavenly mould,
and not an earthly wight.
For my ſoul's happineſs,
God's Holy Bible Book,
I had my looking-glaſs,
wherein I pleaſure took.

There was no faſhion found,
that might advance my pride,
But in my looking-glaſs,
my fancy ſoon eſpy'd:
Every vain foolish toy
changeth my wanton mind;
And they beſt pleaſed me
that could new faſhions find.

Yet all theſe earthly joys
yeilded me ſmall content,
In that dame nature had
ne'r a child to me ſent,
That makes my heart to bleed,
for which offence to God,
He hath moſt grievously
ſcourged me with his rod:

And in my tender womb,
of ſo pure fleſh and blood,
Created be, ſtrange to ſee,
a moſt deformed brood;
That women of wanton pride
may take example by,
How they in faſhions fond,
offend the Lord on high.

When the babe came to light,
and I brought to my bed,
No coſt was ſpar'd that night,
to ſtand me in my ſtead;
My nurſes young and fair,
fit for a royal queen,
Gave all attendance there,
as it was daily ſeen.

Never had merchant's wife
of ladies ſuch a train,
That came in gentle ſort,
at the hour of my pain:
But when my ſwelling womb
yeilded up nature's due,
Such a ſtrange monſter then,
ſurely man never knew,

For it affrighted ſo,
all the whole company,
That every one ſaid in heart,
Vengeance now draweth nigh.
It had two faces ſtrange,
and two heads painted fair,
On the brows curled locks,
ſuch as our wantons wear:

One hand held right the ſhape
of a fair looking-glaſs,
In which I took delight,
how my vain beauty was:

Right the shape of a rod,
scourging me for my sin,
The other seem'd to have,
perfectly seen therein.

These womens wantonness,
and their vain foolish minds,
Never contented are
with that thing God assigns:
Look to it London dames
God keepeth plagues in store,
And now the second part
of this long sheweth more.

Grief and care kills my heart,
where God offended is,
As the poor merchant's wife,
did worldly comforts miss:
Strange were the miseries
that she so long endur'd,
No ease by womens help,
could be as then procur'd.

Hereupon speaks the child,
with a voice fearfully,
Mother, your wanton pride,
brings this your misery:
Let your life soon amend,
or else the Mighty God,
Will scourge your wantonness,
with a more sharper rod.

About his neck a flaunting ruff
it had now gallantly,
Starched with white and blew,
seemly unto the eye:
With laces long and broad,
as now are womens hands,
Thus heavy wanton pride
fell in God's angry hands.

The breast was plated o're,
as still the merchants be,
Now as lewd women wear,
to hide adultery:
Every part, every limb,
had not true nature's frame,
But to shew to the world
this my great sin and shame:

From the head to the foot,
monster like was it born,
Every part had the shape
of fashions daily worn:
On the feet pinked shooes,
instreps had roses red,
Which in silk now is us'd,
to vainly are we led.

Thus hath my flesh and blood,
nourisht now near my heart,
Puts me in mind of sin,
and bids me now convert:
O let all women then,
take heed of wanton pride,
Angels have fallen from heaven
and for that sin have dy'd.

No sooner brought to light
was this fruit of my youth,
But to the counsel-house
it was brought for a truth:
Where to the magistrates,
in a most fearful sort,
Began aloud to speak,
and these words did report:

I am a messenger,
now sent from God on high,
To bid you all repent,
Christ's coming draweth nigh.
Repent you all with speed,
this is a message sure,
The world seems at an end,
and cannot long endure.

Pride is the prince of sin,
which is our chief delight,
Mankind repent with speed,
before the Lord doth smite:
This is my last adieu,
repentance soon provide.
These were his latest words,
and so the monster dy'd.

Great was the fear of those,
that these same speeches heard,
God grant all christians may
have their minds well prepar'd
With true repentance,
God's mercy to implore,
That never womankind
may bring such fruit forth more.

And you fair English dames,
that in pride do excel,
This woful misery,
in your hearts print full well:
Let not pride be your guide,
for pride will have a fall;
Maid and wife, let my life
be warning to you all.

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